

RAVERS

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CREAM TARTS!



RAVERS

Volume 1
Issue 3

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with Shogun
get sticky
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Editor in Chief: Ron Griffin
Editor: David Spencer
Art Editor: Martin
Assistant Art Editor: John Alexander
Graphic Artist: Jermine
Studio Manager: James Freeman
Marketing Director: Keith Ellis
Advertising Manager: Jermine
Classified Ad Controller: Joseph Pratt

Rave On!

You did what? With how many people? Well don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! Send us your naughtiest tales and we'll print them. What's more, if you send in rude pictures to go with them, then we'll pay you £25 for every one we use, so get scribbling and snapping, and send your results to: Rave On!, Reverse, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Cock Watch

Congratulations on the new magazine. It was excellent reading material and I enjoyed the "real sex" letters, but it pained me how anyone can write so much. I have tried to write to you myself on several occasions in the past, but I always got so embarrassed to read

I was writing that I ended up making myself to my pants full my thoughts, and then I was incapable of writing any more!

I was interested to see that penis size is still a major subject of your letters, with 17 letters recounting, and I have decided to (try to) write to comment on this matter again.

My own testis is a standard size (between long when erect). I find this hard to believe when I see myself in the mirror - my reflection looks much bigger in size and I pride myself that it looks more like even babies or larger. I call this the "mirror effect".

The effect is a quality which when I see the

real, often, when I go for a pee during the day like my test looks quite small to me, but when I see it reflected in a mirror simply dangling from my testis looks, again, much larger. And though I say it myself, it compares more than adequately with other "bigger" penis that

I've seen flapping around in the groin. The "mirror effect" leads to a constant state of the mind related to readers' letters are larger than the picture size. It is all a matter of perspective and the angle of view.

An independent witness of the "mirror effect", I would like to

write an incident that happened a few years ago while I was on a camping holiday in Italy with a mate, Jim. To cut a long story short, one evening we were having a nighting in one of the tents, and somehow got around to talking about sex. This went on for some time as we discussed fantasies and masturbation, and then Jim confessed that he'd recently got his leg over for the first time a month or so ago, and he told me all the details.

Jim clearly enjoyed recalling the incident, and interesting to it was like having a dirty letter read out loud. When the conversation finally faded, we both had happy memories in our trousers due to thinking and talking about it, and were desperate to work off the circumstances, on the spur of the moment, we agreed to take our pants out and work off together.

When I first saw Jim's tool, I figured it was much bigger than



mine (in fact in the sunlight it looked massive), but when we compared them I found that it was only about half as thick, though making it six and a half times.

Thus the mirror effect was proved - because of my angle of perspective and then I had mis-



Carey, jouncing titbits and a impressively rounded ass. But enough about my granny, let's talk about having Gail's thighs wrapped around my neck and my face buried deep in her rapidly moltenening tummy. Now that's my idea of eating out. And they say there's no such thing as a free lunch...



GAIL



Photographed by Geoff Hunt

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress with white polka dots, is posing. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are resting on her hips. In the foreground, the legs of a man wearing black underwear are visible, partially obscuring the lower part of the woman's dress. The background is dark and out of focus.

RAWERS
CAITL



well to a 'Maf' later why because it just makes the smell feel smaller like the floor wiping it away does, of course I know the facts that a 10 inch waige is real.

Fan Mail

Congratulations on publishing a new magazine, full of goodness and worthy of the press. I will certainly subscribe to purchase it. In your first issue in **Male Raves Part 2**, I found 'Behind a' Lancer very enjoyable and wish I could strike up a correspondence with her if it is possible. Although one reads like usually shor-

ten, and some models posing seductively there aren't any pictures!! (**Mail - 84**)

I know you have to keep peo-

The **RATERS** Top 10 Ways Of Knowing You're **NOT** Going To Score Tonight

- 1 You get back to her place to find fifteen siffing the wreckage for her parents.
- 2 You have a pair of pants with the words 'Girl Bait' on them
- 3 The girl you meet in the pub brings her three brothers back to your place.
- 4 Every time you ask a girl for a dance, she laughs.
- 5 Just as you're about to put your condom on, your 80 year old mum walks in with the ladies' whilst drive team.
- 6 You read a magazine published by one of our competitors.
- 7 You're having the last dance with a drunken Russian caller who thinks you're his dog.
- 8 At your place, you come back from the bog to find out she's dug a tunnel and escaped.
- 9 Your regular chat up line is, 'Hi, I'm the editor of **Ravers**...
- 10 Even the sluts avoid you at parties.

Editorial (Signed) (**Yes, what?!! - 84**) Will you print my pins. Barrett I'm looking for beauty and discretion, not a time

Will Peter the Kid if its meant to, we love to give it to him but its a great magazine, about you had written in general. Henry, is that I will be to One Seven Seven Six, I made just found in 1997 when, will write for a great!

Old Man Young Fanny

The experience I want to share with my fellow readers happened when my wife Elaine and I were enjoying a relaxing holiday in Kent. We had been accepted to a nearby village and I had gone to get a newspaper while Elaine bought some food. As I returned to the car I noticed a man of about 60 watching her. When he noticed me, he delivered me to my car. Elaine was looking over looking shopping into the car boot and a playful brown 1200 cc



revels that I was a true gentleman. She was a true beauty to me. I wonder if I should share you with.

S.B., Bristol.

judged after a test and passed it to be a good writer, better place and more happy than mine. Suddenly after making the comparison we went on to have a thoroughly good meal.

Although I'd like to point out that we played at opposite ends of the field. We even went on to pick up a couple of boys girls during the holiday, and share about a good time back to our tent, something I'd never have been able to do before. I think I'd have been too embarrassed about showing my penis off in front of it. And we had already seen each other's penis.

Bill, Puchies.

Will Peter the Kid if its meant to, I do know that a lot of me might be to guide to you as I do know that a lot of what I suggest for that is what they

gla's never and addresses to someone somewhere but better still to be to correspond with any female who is a true, un-

her short summer dress, exposing her cute little toes clad in tiny white pedicors. The day gave a gust of pleasure and when we at last had our eyes back a

swirling hazy haze, praise Blake's lovely body and her talent if I would be interested in having her moved to visit him. I

couldn't help laughing at his cheek. But I said if he would like to ask her I would be very interested in seeing her things developed. Blake seemed quite fascinated by Graham's ideas then, and he soon had her wrapping her head further. She was amazed and excited by the thought that the old ladies was making a play for my pretty wife. Graham's message was very excited and we sat on the long-drinking view of his bedroom while the man was not and before long he

had persuaded Blake to change too her bikini. She had had a few glasses of wine by now, but even so I was surprised that she agreed. Graham took her time to show her where to change

They seemed to be alone, and I wondered if she had done anything to spend her time when they returned she seemed happy enough, and she said Graham had insisted on staying for dinner that evening. Blake then took good in a minute. She is 22 years old with long blond hair and a nice big nose, and it was exciting to watch Graham bend over her to be topped up her wine glass again. The masked poverty in some of his slowly

revels and, when he went in to prepare more food, she told me that she had noticed him peering at her as she was getting changed.

I asked her if she thought he had seen her naked, and she giggled and said that he probably had, but that it didn't really matter because her tiny little butt

by itself, anything to the thought. She agreed that she noticed that she was followed by his stare



him, and it was very exciting to hear her talk like this. I was dazed what other surprises were in store.

Later that afternoon, Blake went to her bedroom as I

continued previous 22

SNATCH OF THE DAY! BUMLEY F.C.

You join us here at a packed Ravens stadium for this month's Snatch Of The Day, featuring Bumley away to some truly extra-hot. Bumley's new signing, Micky, got the game off to a cracking start by flashing her fanny at the ref, who demonstrated his appalling ball control. None of the march would have to be my John Thomas, who shot for an amazing 40 yards after Micky lay down on her side and squiggle her fanny up between her legs. I hope she's game for an early bath...



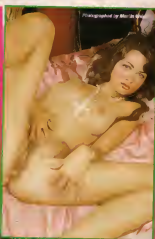
Next Month, we'll be introducing Ravens Fantasy League Football, so if you have any suggestions, you'd better get them in quick. Send them to: RLF, Ravens, Galaxy Publications Ltd, PO Box 312, Wingham, Essex CM8 3SE.



Yvonne



Mike Wright has just given me two good reasons to go home over the next few weeks. For one thing, Yvonne comes from Scotland, and number two, she looks good without her pants on. He seems to find an awful lot of stunning Scottish girls, and I have to point out that had there been that many good-looking women when I lived up there, I don't know if I'd have moved south in the first place! Oh yeah, did I mention that Yvonne looks good without her pants on, by the way? And there're even a few shots in there for feet fans, too!



Yvonne RIVERS



OUT & ABOUT



Tanya of Staffs



Go wild in the country! So what if it's a bit posh out, it'll certainly make your wigs stick out! This is where we showcase some of our most adventurous wives. If your robust fantasies standing in a field and showing off her beasty spots, then this is the place to send 'em to the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Libraries; we'll print them all, and pay you £25 for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fakes! How that, can you? But your sexy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravens, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 502, Wiltam, Essex CM16 3EZ.

Write to:
The Editor
Out & About
PO Box 502
Wiltam
Essex CM16 3EZ



Janette of Canada



Archie of Germany

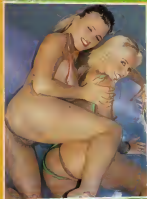
The Bang Gang

The ladies' ideal holiday: Take two flaves, pay their air fares out to some exotic location and leave their suitcases at Heathrow airport. As if George and Michael would give a toss just so long as they've got a bottle of suntan lotion between them and a pair of big, bunsy-sized bikinis to cover their naked butts. Or is that a tiny, bunsy-sized bikini between them and a bottle of water lotion to cover their naked butts? Ah, who cares. Let's be honest, the only way the fit could ever score with these two would be if he started a football team with them and played against Atlanta. Even then the pool party would have to be ruled as an account of Atlanta having a waterlogged pitch, so he still wouldn't actually score with them. He'd be better off just hogging the bar normally itself.





Photography by [illegible]









The Bang Gang

Kelly



You've seen her in countless "real-ones" video spreads — she even graced the first issue of our sister mag, *Twelve* — but you've never seen her in a set. So put your hands together (or down your pants, which is where mine'll be in a minute) for Kelly, Miss Six, who has and is chunky little fancy. What more could a body ask for. And don't say, "Her phone number," or there'll be trouble.



RAWERS
Kelly



ORAL ORGASM - Suck, Spunk & Swallow

001 809 4961 339

"I KNOW YOUR CUNT IS BOILING INSIDE YOUR BALLS, CALL ME, AND SHOOT YOUR HOT LOUD SPUNK ME!"

SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK

001 809 4961 340

NEAR ME FING MY SOAKING FANNY

001 809 4961 341

HURST DOCTORS / ANSWER - 3 WAY SEX

001 809 4961 342

SPUNK UP MY DRIPPING FANNY

001 809 4961 343

VIRGIN TAKES 8" COCK

001 809 4961 347

2 Fingers & Your Cock Up Me

001 809 4961 348

Thick Cock Up Shaven Vagina

001 809 4961 349

On My Knees-Please Pump Me

001 809 4961 350

Right Cock Up My Hole

001 809 4961 351

**PORN
HOUSEWIVES
WANT YOUR SPUNK**
001 809 4961 346

Lift my skirt & part my cheeks

001 809 4961 352

Shag my sister

and cum on her face

001 809 4961 345

FORGIVE ME SLUT
I'LL SUCK YOUR
BALLS

001 809 4961 353

GAY-free pussy fuck: 001 809 4961 354

Shagged while hubby wanks

001 809 4961 354

GAY BOY TAKES BIG PENS 001 809 4961 356

SPUNK UP MY TIGHT SOLE

001 809 4961 369

BLACK WOMAN TAKES TWO YOUNG COCKS

001 809 4961 370

STIFF BODIES PUNTS OLDER MAN

001 809 4961 382

Woman who love to swallow

001 809 4961 371

"Is hell you have her and

pussy fucked?"

001 809 4961 372

ONE PUSSEY ARE

ALL DRIPPING WET

001 809 4961 374

Get me wet & I'll pump you your cum

001 809 4961 375

THE BIG BROTHER I'M BORN AGAIN

001 809 4961 376

I'M HOT & horny for a BIG COCK MAN

001 809 4961 377

If you like big Tits I'm your girl

001 809 4961 378

JAN 1998 BARE MEAT

001 809 4961 379

SHOOT YOUR SPUNK
AND BRUSH IT ON MY
001 809 4961 380

OLDER WOMAN
PUNTS ME
Specially XXX
001 809
4961 383

PUMP IT UP MY CUNT 001 809 4961 386

DIRTY SLUT WILL EMPTY YOUR BAG

001 809 4961 357

SPUNK IT OVER MY BIG TITS

001 809 4961 358

I'M MY PUSSEY

001 809 4961 359

LEATHER COCKLE GIRL

TAKES 10" BOLD

001 809 4961 360

OLDER WOMAN

(40" TITS) TAKES

YOUNG COCK

001 809 4961

361

Therapist's office

it up both ways

001 809 4961 362

SISTER-SUCK YOUR

BALLS & COCK

001 809 4961 363

DOUBLE PUSSEY PINK

& SACK ORGAS CHASE

001 809 4961 364

SPUNK UP MY

DRIPPING NANNY

001 809 4961 346

I BLACK GUY (10")

a WHITE GUY (10") OLD

001 809 4961 367

HE BARE YOUR BODIES I'LL SUCK YOU

001 809 4961 368

DEAR DELILAH

Get a spunky invitation to share with other readers? Then send a hot, steamy letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and a 36DD exp. I've been around and I'm uncharitable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back, though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters - and yourself - moving. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Readers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3EZ.



Dear Delilah

My mate and I are always on the lookout for ready women to pull - but what usually seems to happen is that one of us saunders and the other gets him close to pull his partner. The same seemed to be happening last Saturday night - there was this gorgeous bird in the pub called Pauline who was chatting this pair of us up, but her mate was a dead loss and went home leaving the pair of us with Pauline.

Neither of us was prepared to go, because both of us had the boys far too in fact my dick was up hard - I could hardly pee.

"Why can't you both take me home?" she asked.



There was no mistaking what she meant - she had a three-some in mind all right. She got in Gary's car and I followed in mine and we all went back to Pauline's flat.

She showed us into the living room - put some music on - and said she was going to

the loo. When she got back she changed into this incredible negligee of hair tulle about six-thoughts - you could see her dark, spiky pubes - her brown nipples, belly-button - everything. The question was, who was going to have her first?

"Come on," she urged "Steve!"

Gary was first to undress himself. The size of his cock amazed me - but I knew I had the edge on him as far as width was concerned. Her eyes widened when I got out my John Thomas, and I knew she was impressed. Pauline took off her t-shirt and exposed her small, firm tits. "I want to see if you can both come at the same time and hit my nipples with your spears," she

told us.

Taking a look in each hand **(Wow, she's made some dinner a lady while!)** she proceeded to give us both an excellent work, with just the right amount of squeeze and pop. I was soon very close to exploding.

Then she got hold of my cack again, and in half a dozen rapid strokes I was good and ready.

Suddenly I was sporting and she told me so that her left nipple collected my hot stream. Seconds later Gary's cock exploded too, jettisoning all over her right one. Pauline loved them with our spunk dripping down her cleavage.

"How long is it going to take you two kids to get laid again?" she asked. "The first one to get a hard-on can fuck me." Gary winked, started winking like mad. Pauline helped by getting down on her knobs and sucking each of us in turn until our cocks started to come back to life...I was erect while Gary was still in lay-lab state.

"Come on, Ray, you're won," she said. I got on top of her and as I started to enter her, my knob felt an unfamiliar sensation.

Her cunt was lined with plastic. She'd got one of those female condoms on. It was quite a different feeling that it really turned me on though the sucking sounds as I shoved into it made us all laugh. Gary lay with his thighs over Pauline's face so that she could suck his cock into her mouth. She sucked, I fucked and the three of us were in seventh heaven. **(It always did make other men as dare. Now I know why it's a popular!)** I disputed to have the first time I came that this time my spunk flooded out rather than jettisoned.

I lay there recovering, my cock still inside her, and watched fascinated as Gary fucked Pauline a scintillating mouth. It was amazing watching his dong going in and out between her lips and behind her sucking on him. He squeaked his pace and alerted to

pump and I knew he must be filling her mouth with spunk. Since that night we've been round to Pauline's three times, and each time we've had a really fabulous threesome.

END, MYSTON SIMMONS.

Thanks for your letter, Ray. With a threesome, it's often difficult to work out who does

thing in certain moments, if it pleases her **(Okay, write me a cheque for 10 grand! That'll please me a lot!)** Most women have quite fancy desires, but I have met some outrageous ones. Some of the things they get up to, you wouldn't be able to print. **(No, but we'd enjoy reading about it!)**

However, I thought you might be able to print the story of Samantha.

today.

She turned out to be divorced and living alone. We both accepted from the party as soon as we could and went back to her flat, which was small and neat and didn't seem to reflect Samantha's explosive physique and personality, and I saw her bedchamber. To say it was superb was an understatement. Not only did

she have a shocking great four poster bed big enough for King Henry VIII and all his wives. There was a big, tiled, marble bath in the corner of the room. I told her how impressed I was and she asked me if I'd like to try out the bath. I replied that I'd love to, but only if she got in it with me.

"Ah. I have some special business habits and I don't know if you'll like them," Samantha said. I couldn't think what she could possibly mean but I said I was



what to whom, but you let appear to have it covered. Good on you. Hope you have lovely more happy shagging and keep writing to me about it!

Dear Delilah

I took on myself as versatile. I'm always ready to do any

Samantha was a very large lady from St. Lucia, whom I met at a business do. When I say large, I'm talking 18 stone at least. She had squary, dark eyes, a great double-breasted laugh, loved a drink and a dirty joke and every time she laughed her enormous tits bobbed like jelly in her uncoloured, low-cut

gown for anything.

She turned on the taps and started stripping off, revealing these voluptuous bits of fat that really turned me on. Her ample figure was a luxury to look at.

When the bath was half full she turned off the taps and produced a packet of something or other which she tossed into the bathwater



Within seconds the water turned to thick, brown mud. Samantha stepped into the tank, bath and disappeared up to her knees in the brown glop. "Come and join me!" she said.

Samantha's huge glasses were floating on the surface of the mudbath. Her big brown nipples, like dots of earth, I wanted to suck, but didn't have a mouthful of luscious soil. Her hand made a dive for my penis under the water. She started to stroke me, rubbing the mud all around my gonads.

"I can't fuck you in this," I said. "Oh yes you can," she insisted and made a grab for me, almost pulling me under. My wristed to the mud, slipping all over each other's bodies. Under the surface, my cock was finding its own way between her plump, fleshy cunt lips until at last I was inside her! We fucked sitting up, with her legs around my waist and her wonderful tits brushing my chest. It was the most wonderful ride of my life, rocking with Samantha in the mud, not being able to see my penis, only aware of wonderful warm, pulsing, slapping sensations all over my body.

She was so hot inside that I couldn't feel my ejaculation.

comping into her. We finished by showering ourselves off and then spraying each other with talcum powder and finally clambering into that strange four-poster where Samantha got down on my cock and guided me to head-nuts, again and then some, smothering me at all their fabulous jiggling. **SAFE, SOUTHAMPTON.**

They say dad's very good for the ribs, Dave. Keep up the mud baths and you'll have the softest shuffling toes in Southampton — as far as your friends is concerned, anyway!

Dear Delilah

I'm a granny of 72, but my younger days are certainly not over. My husband died five years ago and I am jokingly to my daughter that I ought to think about getting a vibrator. Please say if you didn't get me one for my birthday.

I was a bit nervous about trying it. The whole situation seemed a bit artificial, like making a date. I lay on the bed and got it out of its package and started rubbing it between my legs.

Nothing was happening. I wasn't getting turned on. Then I remembered my daughter telling me she used

vibrated or K-Y with her. I found some 'wax' and coated the end of the vibrator with it, and had another go... That was much better. The smooth knobs and was giving just my citizens and I began to report it between the legs of my pussy. *It's just like riding a bike — you never forget!*

I was getting on so well with that that I quite forgot about the battery part. Then I remembered and turned on the switch. The jiggling all that shot through my citrons made me feel 22 again and getting looked for the first time. I suddenly realised what my clit had been craving all these years. I stuck my knees in the air, closed my eyes and let my firmest nails as I slipped that buzzing instrument in and out of my fancy.

I was surprised to find my juices flowing as they hadn't flowed for years, and I had four fingers before falling into a blissful sleep.

Now I feel good and ready for a lover, especially a fit



and active younger one. Never thank you in print, a, girls — just get yourself a vibrator and your libido will soon wake up! **PRISM, MANCHESTER.**

What a lovely, positive message. I hope I'm still enjoying when I'm 72, both through self-stimulation and real live dicks. And I wish you luck with your search for a partner.

Dear Delilah

I'd like to tell you about my best sex — ever. You see, I stopped two sisters once. Their names were Linda and Lorraine. Lorraine was a girl I'd been to college with and Linda was two years



younger. Lorraine was short-ish, plump and dirty with full kissable lips and a big bum, while Linda took after her father being tall, wiry and blonde.

It was New Year's Eve and everyone was drunk. Lorraine was being outrageous. She was wearing a skimpy black Lycra dress which clung to her figure. First she pulled it down and let her big, full breasts bob out over the top, and then, to applause and whistles, she dropped her dress and flashed her well-haired mound at everyone. She was trying to persuade her sister to join her, but why Linda wouldn't. So I knelt up there with her and moaned at everyone, then flashed my willy.

Everyone at the party was screaming with laughter and I could tell they were all getting horny. **Be your willy that good, didn't?** Several couples stopped off to find a private corner to snog and grope. In Sam's room I ended up in the garden with Linda. We crashed into the garage and leered against the wall in the dark, thrusting our tongues down each other's throats, pressing our bodies together. I slipped my hand down to her crotch. I slipped my fingers through the elastic bandage and into her sex hole. It was open and wet and grabbed at my fingers as I pushed them inside. Like me, Linda was certainly ready for it.

It was an easy job to hold her long, silky skirt up and pull her tiny nylon panties down. I was too rampant to bother with lengthy foreplay and Linda was begging me to fuck her so I stuffed my length inside her and began fucking the area off her.

Suddenly the garage door opened and I heard a voice - a female one - call "I feel some dirty fuckers are at it in here!" It was Linda's sister Lorraine.

"It's me and Colin," called out Linda. Lorraine followed the sound of our voices and came over. She ran her hands over my bare bum then felt both of my bollocks



to while my cock, along with Linda's cunt (which was firmly embedded in her hole "Big sister a horny as hell.")

"Fuck off Lorraine!" warned Linda.

"Yes, come on, you can shove him, he looks as if he's got more than enough to go round," wheedled Lorraine. I was still fucking Linda, my cock sliding in and out, but my hand found

whole body started to tremble and I knew she was coming. As she was gasping at me and chewing my neck.

Once Linda had calmed down, I slid my prick out of her and kept my arms round her while I used my other hand to guide my sloppy prick into Lorraine, who was toying with her back to the wall

and was looking on a plant container, holding her legs open. I twisted it back, so I could have seen the full glory of that pink tunnel. Sorewing Lorraine's was quite different from slugging her sister. Whereas Linda was content to let me set the pace, Lorraine liked to take charge. She shoved her pussy up and down my cock while I stood there and did nothing except concentrate on holding back and allowing her to pleasure herself as my length. Lorraine finding an orgasm was a noisy and wild affair. She squeal and cussed me, and her vagina muscles squeezed so hard I thought they'd snap my prick in two. I couldn't hold back and was pretty soon shooting my hot cream streams into her.

I've now got a fancy for shagging a pair of twins. If I manage it, I'll write and let you know.

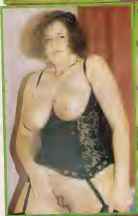
DAVE JARVIS.

She's dirty, Dave. If you ever manage these twins, you'll be close to matching my own record since when I fucked three brothers and finally managed to seduce their dad. But I don't do it at the mother. She wasn't my type!





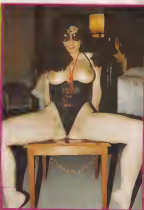
Debbie Watford





Danni Zurich







Josie Worcs



Lorraine, Derby





GIRL SEES
OR SINGS



You should have seen the look on their faces when she jumped up on the bench and started shaking her ass and bunny out for John's waiting camera - it was priceless. After she'd put on such a good show, it was the least Russell and Mick could do to give her thigh high boots a quick spit and polish. Although the way Lynne shook her tanny bits their faces, it was more like a quick shower and polish!

As the boys gave Lynne a guided tour of the shop and invited her to sit on their choppers and play with their big wads, Russell grinned at John and told him: "It mustn't come to work worthwhile!" And you can't argue with that! Remember, if you want a Bawer to visit your workplace and spill her glibbits all over your desk, all you have to do is get your boss to write to the Ed and invite us down. Once you've done that, keep your eyes and trousers peeled, and make sure you keep a spare pair of y-fronts with you in case of emergencies! Write to: Ly' an' Poppins, P.O. Box 332, Witham, Essex CM8 2ST.



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Empty your ballbag in my face 001 809 4961 337

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Tail Ends

Melissa



When Paul told us that Melissa filled the air for *The Top Job* and *Tail Ends*, we had to get her into the studio. How many girls do you know who can suck their own feet and poke their asses out at the same time? Not fucking many. That's for sure! Doesn't matter if you're into feet or asses, because Melissa gets a 10 in both departments. And because she can suck her own toes, you can concentrate on her fancy and arse!



Photographed by Rod Ward



Tail Ends
Melissa





up the thin top and exposed her naked breasts for us all to enjoy.

She took her feeder nipple in her mouth and licked her tongue over them. It was fantastic watching her take her rights in front of us. She winked and rubbed her lovely breasts for ages. It was a erotic and I nearly came in my pants watching them, without moving his lips from her blabbing nipple, he slowly moved one hand down her fat tummy and to the flesh of her sexy pussy. She gave a

low moan as his probing finger started her pussy.

I could hardly believe my eyes as I watched my sexy wife approaching a climax. It was so erotic. I wanted to choke and choke! as she lay back on the couch and pulled him on top of her quivering body. They were still kissing passionately as he struggled with his belt, and then he was slipping her legs past his down her long legs and position leg lifted! over her. She whispered she took her first orgasm!



soft wet and massed it into her dripping hole, rubbing her sexy lips aside. He moved in and out of her as she kept him on with his long running strokes, clenching at his firm cheeks.

Edie and I sat there watching them making love, our heads buried outside froms of our trousers. Tom was gradually speeding up as he thrust his groin in and out of my sexy wife's wet hole. He indulged on top of her as they came together in a climax.

big bang. Paula had her arms round him and we could see her still panting gently against him as his cock began to come inside her. The sexy bitch was so ready she could have taken us all on, but that didn't happen until the next weekend! and that, as they say, is another story.

Edie, like of Wigan

Peter's Friends

I recently took a job to a large

FOOD FRENZY

Cream Tarts

If you flick quickly to the centre pages, you'll get an eyeful of Rachel and Nicky smeared grub all over each other in our first proper messy set. In the meantime, I thought you might like to have a gander at Maria and Petra covering themselves in cake. You can't have too many cream tarts, that's what I say. If you'd like to see someone smeared in food, let us know. We've got baked beans and all sorts in the cupboard, so get your letters in. NO. 100, Victoria, London, SW18 7NS. Tel: 0181 871 5022. Website: www.raveon.co.uk



store in Liverpool city centre, which means I had to travel back wards and forwards from my home on the Mersey. As I became better acquainted with my new workmates, a group of them invited me to join them on their night bar Friday night girls' night out and, as my husband had no objections, I accepted.

Angie, one of the divorcees was getting married again and she asked me to stand as a witness in the registry office. It was decided to have her hen party on the Friday night, before her wedding and, as she had a spare bed room in her flat she said it would make more sense if I stayed at home instead of rushing home and having to come back early the

off to 'enjoy her last night of freedom' (she told me she would give me a key for her flat and that her friendly mate, Peter, would see me safely home). Peter was standing next to us and I recognised him as a young man I had danced with earlier and who had bought me a drink, so for some reason I felt quite safe with him and I agreed.

Outside the club, Peter handed a key and I was quite surprised when he got to with me, until he reminded me that he was going to see me home safely. When we got to Angie's flat he paid the taxi and took the key that Angie had given me and let us both in. The con-



ATTENTION!

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN!

The staff of this magazine are waiting to interrogate you!
CONTACT THEM IMMEDIATELY!

Issued by
 The Department of Sport, Whitehall, London W1



next morning to help her get ready. But, my husband, agreed with this and said he would meet me at the registry office the following morning.

After we had visited a few pubs in the city centre, one of the girls suggested going on to a club that she knew. We jumped into some taxis and headed for the club. Angie has told us about which was situated in the south end of the city. Over the next few hours, we drank and danced and gradually our numbers decreased as, one by one, the girls paired off and left the club or drifted off on their own. Almost before I knew it there was only Angie and me left, and then she came back from dancing with one of the men and asked if I would stand if she were

Not at all! I was completely the wrong way, and I didn't realise as he led me to the altar and out we down. He sat down beside of me and put his arm around me and as I turned my head to ask him what he was doing, his lips pressed against mine and he was kissing me.

My mind was in a whirl as Peter's tongue probed and explored my mouth.

I was suddenly aware of his hand sliding across my bare midriff and

then it was underneath my stringy top, caressing me through my tiny bra. I knew I should tell him to stop, but his touch was doing such wonderful things to me that I just wanted

him to go on and on. His left hand was now rubbing up and down my bare back and then I felt my legs shake and his right hand was stroking my bare breasts and pinching my nipples playfully. His hand left my breast and he placed it on my thigh.

My bare legs had reached the top of my thighs and he pressed his fingers against the stretch of my tights and then I needed the thin piece of material to ease mine and his fingers slid into me. I couldn't suppress the shriek of pleasure I forced. Then he said he knew he had me just where he wanted me to be.

He led me to a double bed at



CONTINUED
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Designed by Anna Langer

Rachel
& Nicky





The main directing is all special. It was the first day that I'd ever directed. And day was I really there were hardly any scenes taken left over for us to act afterwards! Rachel and Nicky were unwrapping the stuff everywhere, and when Nicky got a bunwich full of chocolate sauce, I had to be held back by the makeup artist to stop me from leaping onto the set and licking it off! Oh yes, you can bet that we'll be doing a few more of these. I never knew that squirty cream could taste so nice when you smear it onto a nipple! Oh, and apologies to our studio manager, Anna, for making such a huge mess...





RAVERS Rachel & Nicky





Euro RAVERS

We've all seen our share of blue movies, but which babe currently comes out on top? Which women would we crawl across broken glass for? Few men have been as near to them as **BOBBY DUPEA Jr.**, so we asked him for his uppermost faves....

TOP TITS

EuroPorn watchers take a hit about the baroque of *Coline*, Duval or *Guinevere White* (not *Delia*) but if it's some time since I've seen a playmate, not more heavenly reformed pair of *Gracie* & *Brenda* than those upon the superb superstructure of *Angie*.



Tahatha Cash in
Leather Dreams 2

Leine Although she has long since retired from the Finnish screen, she's never far from it in her sex advice columns, bestselling books and cat series—and now in 130 or so hard CD-ROMs that are definitely not PC.

BEST BUM

Marjari Moorer had a great bum. Never in the history of wigwags has one butt been oiled by so many and equaled by so few. But the best bum in Hollywood since this is *Golden Hime's* *Olga*, who's 6'6" in November, but that's still an hell-lava butt. No wonder her longtime partner Karl Russell is always sad and fat.

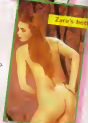
In the blue movie world, the butt is vital to the plot, and with so many probing close-ups, there's no room for cheating. A butt that looks a treat in *Johns* may prove to be pinched 'n' pecked once the galing gets dirty. Then again, it's not necessarily the blue movie girls who specialize in anal sex who own the best backpicks.

Any American who would have to go to *Raven's* *Invincible* posterior. But this is *Garage*, and it's got to be *Zoe White*. No question, no debate, it's well formed, it's tight, it's taut, and when taken as a hole (and, it simply...angels).

Tennessee's



Zoe's butt



Tahatha again

LIPS (upper)

Depth (matter if she's blonde, brunette or redhead), long, lengthy Pfeiffer hair or short Miranda crossers, a big nose or pale but tan nose, draped chin or cheeks. None of that matters just as long as her lips appear made for it: kissing and/or smiling. The ultimate, perfect mouth in movie history belongs to Brigitte Bardot. Sorry girls, but rather than look a Anya Dela or Gaille Chanel, the best European mouth on the end of my staff's staff is surely that of the then star known as Tennessee. (In her Italian scooters, **Concept 3**, her kissing was more formal - Carol Tennessee.) She is an ex-Miss France, who's kept those lips in gladdening action throughout her short career in porn.

LIPS (lower)

So far, we've looked at what can be seen on a fully clothed woman before you've got down to the nitty gritty. As long as the one is firm, her lips match up to expectations and the lips know their business, all that is left to negotiate with full tongue and soft willie is the most intriguing writhle of 'em all. If this one one of the best things we ever saw in playboys, then as casually as right before you, what we actually see first, as delivery-room lighting started on tiny eyes, was the writhle from whence we stopped. And a high percent age of us (then and women) have expended an enormous amount of energy trying like hell to get back in there.

I refer, of course, to The Pussy.

In recent years, we never saw any pussy. Sylvain Sotte's famous film in **Basic Instinct** showed no more than the first glimpses of pubic hair in **Blow Up**. No pussy just pussy. "Her car pet," as Italian film maker Tinto Brass puts it.

Sketching the concept and opening a wet ridge is all the very heart of pornography. As one time billionaire decided his time to me "They're like my life, waiting to be taken pussy or vice versa."

And it's the one area that women are most defensive about. Caught naked by the million, they're more likely to cover their pubic area (as if their nose wasn't doing that already) than their tits. Because, as many as 10 out of 10 women are ashamed of their cunt. As if they're responsible for the

way the lips part out, hang down or if their crotch is too much like an infant's dicky.

Porn babies go plastic and increase their sizes. (I know at least two girls who've decreased them.) But a pussy is a pussy. The best of plastic surgery is change the look, like tightening up the labia majora - as some Hollywood ladies have done to their other lips.

I prefer the natural in all things, and from the gazing of genitalia and in the most intimate labia labia fashion - from those of European Deborah Wells in Paris and Lillian Stacey in Rome - I would vote for Lillian Stacey. You know her better as Cocodrine. She's shaved, which adds a certain delicacy to the sheer pleasure of her bottomless vulva.

THE WHOLE SHEBANG

There you have it, the best T, it's and lips (upper & lower) in European. Put them all together and they equal... **Talulah Good**.

Yes, yes - don't shout - I hear you. There is much in favor of the voluptuousness of such French, Dutch and Italian work items as Lucy Silverstone, Sandrine Bille-Henry and Luane Platteau. But I'm a committed Talulah fan. Not only does she yelp like a drunk pig while she's fucking, but she has the finest female equipment, head to toe, in the biz too.

Talulah's lips are full, swollen - you



Deborah Wells

just know how they would feel on your dick. Talulah's tits are just what have been positively enlarged and are fine indeed. Even if they don't always look more when you'd expect them to. Talulah's pussy has been seen on all your wet dreams - neither floppy or flap-

py, no lips hanging down like bell choppers. Short perfection, just two breasts that's the Golden No. 1. The most perfect body in Deborah Wells she's gone. Just after finishing her biggest triumph **Leather Dreams 2**, she put the blame - just as her predecessor Zora Wilkes did.

after Leather Dreams 1.

Francis Labat directed both movies, so he has a lot to answer for. Then again, he also introduced us to their successor, R J De Bahia. Of which you'll hear more. Just as soon as I find enough to, um, one-on-one with her.



xxx. I arched my hips and between us we pulled off my damp briefs and tossed them to the floor. Taking his concerns and pants off he climbed on top of me and I spread my legs while he told me how to like 20-year old men, 17 years my junior. He made a couple of tentative prods and then he found the spot, wedging one finger and filling me deeper than I'd had ever been with before. He moved inward on my hips and began to

thrust into me, long powerful strokes that made half me writhing and moaning/laughing. Then I could feel my orgasm building up and then it hit me, more powerful than the last one and so the same time I felt Peter clanking against me as he released his sperm deep inside me.

When I woke up the following morning, except for a slight soreness between my legs, there was nothing (physical) to show what had happened the previous

one night, but in my mind I knew my life had changed dramatically. For the rest of the day there was no need to do that I had no time to dwell on it, with the exception of a little visit of guilt when my hairdresser phoned to invite me to the registry office. It was in the days and nights that followed that I found I couldn't get Peter's slithering, tormented body out of my mind and I finally decided to expect that I had to see him again.

I went to the club where I had met him. I don't know what I'd have done if Peter hadn't been there but when he was, in the corner, with a bunch of his mates. He looked over and saw me and said something to his mates before making across to speak to me. The crowd he had been with started waving at me, grinning, so I guessed that he had told them



had already done to me... and knowing I was going to let him do it again when we left the club.

He left at about midnight, and Peter took me to his flat just around the corner, which he shared with a friend. Once inside he quickly removed my clothing but then he began to tease me, making me beg for what he knew I wanted. He had me pinned with his long strong hands. I never thought I would give my lips, but I

was willing to do any thing just to feel the thrill of that powerful pump of flesh filling me up inside there. Peter told me that his friend had been here with another woman, and he asked if I would let him tell me what he was missing. I hoped when I didn't come too much later he told me I knew what

was expected of me

and I was trembling as I entered my customer under their watchful gaze. When I was naked, Peter told his friend I was all his, he quickly stripped off and, within thirty seconds, had me to the bed. He was already fully erect and his thick veins that each weighed in



exactly how far I had let him go with me. Peter stood in front of me and said, "I had a feeling you would be back, you're really taken to young men, aren't you?" He took my arm and led me to the corner where his friends were. It felt strange at first, sitting with all those young men, knowing they knew what Peter



LADIES!

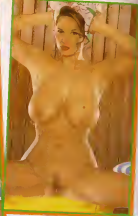
NAKED MEN ARE WAITING TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU!

DO YOUR DUTY AND SATISFY THEM!

Issued by

The Department of Spunk, Whitehall, London W1.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62







RAWERS

TONGA



Little's Shavers



"Bridget," I said. "Your hairy's in a terrible state. If you really expect me to stick my tongue into that hairy mess? I don't really stick in! How get downstairs and shave those pubes off at once, or there'll be no licking for you, young lady!" Well, what else you expect when she sits on my desk, likes her stick up, and asks for a tongueing with her back in that state? Some of those girls really ought to know better by now. She creaky little up and so on. Still, nice lips, and

Bridget







Little
Showers
Bridget



THE RAYERS GUIDE TO BOTTOMS

We've been told that with our effervescent grins and smiles, we're all out there to make the ECH a fun, carefree event and only to watch it all from behind. So the appropriate sign of our ending will be that we... stay. Stay with us! Our friendly, caring, great sex scenes will be so hot, it could fly the ECH off the roof of your body...



The Peach

People will be in awe, at simple sight of this. Only this one will tell you whether it is ready for anything. The fruit is very very long, no make out, you can't break it because

The Golden Globe is golden to the touch, the rich chocolate, when you touch your fingers, leaves damage. If you scratch it and hear the sound of wood, feel, move away immediately as this doing \$10000 worth of damage to your penis and the surrounding furniture.



The Great White

Large, oval, soft, these but tocks are barely enough for you to touch on, but watch your skin, melt with these down and you could end up with shingles for a week!

The Book Reader

Oh, baby, come down your glorious Johnson. Sorry, Johnson is a little bit larger and more than aching, hope you may should be married in all sorts. Any guy who can do this with his own penis, is said to be able to cook, paint, or give other parts and ends in the ECH zone. Cooking, I want to have your parties. Or at least make them



Fluffy M

So fluffy, you can sit on it. How fluffy, you'll sit down in beyond even, using it as a pillow with a very soft feel could give you more sleep than a bunny.

Rave On!

breast the man took the cue as we could change for dinner. Graham said he would like to shower, so waiting for Kacie to wrap and he followed her into the bathroom. He really was as unexpected as I thought. Kacie was waiting there with just a towel around her, no doubt the wine had helped her to overcome her usual shyness. I was surprised and asked that she didn't object to Graham, she was a long skirt and held it up against her. "A perfect nice dress," he whispered, "and I don't want you to wear any thing under it or it" and he started to remove her towel. "What do you think?" she asked him with a sexy look as she stood there holding the skirt in front of her naked body.

I was so turned on that I could only nod in agreement. Graham gave her naked little bum a friendly pat as he came and stood beside her and we watched as Kacie took the skirt on. She looked wonderful - totally naked for a few seconds until the shirt was on place. Graham pulled her lovely figure, and she started to be moved behind her and pointed out to me how wonderful her pretty little breasts looked under the

new material. He started his hands over her nipples as he moved at her from, young like in a few moments. Then he moved his hands down to her bum. "How low the short length shows off her lovely long legs to full advantage!" he said as he moved over her from, behind and moved his fingers along the base of the skirt. "It only just covers her pretty pussy!" he said, and to demonstrate, he lifted the hem slightly and gave me a quick look at her lovely flesh. Then he moved his hands back to her breasts. He rubbed them gently and kissed her neck.

My cock was throbbing with excitement as I watched Graham play with Kacie's tits. She just stood there letting him stroke her. I moved forward and kissed her mouth and she kissed me with her tongue for a few minutes when we stopped passionately. I was aware of Graham taking her skirt and moving his hands underneath to mass her naked little breasts. Her mouth was working breathlessly as mine suddenly she bent forward at the waist and hugged me tightly. "It's so nice to" she purred. It was so erotic. I could feel her being pushed forward slightly as he felt his cock in and out of her.

She held me tight as he gradually sped up his fantastic movements until he finally gave a loud groan of pleasure. I could feel her shaking with excitement as he came inside her and continued to

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
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mads in heaven!

John's table is always well-positioned because every year he's up and down like a porn star's panties to collect one award after another. This year, he and Fabio were both nominated for about a dozen awards

up the award for 'Best Screenplay', 'Best Greenitography', and 'Best Couple Scene', and yet neither one for a movie called **Bud** **Heads** which won 'Best Video'. However, I think he was a little disappointed that **The Dogwalker** didn't win the biggie - 'Best Film'. That accolade went to **Sex**, a VCA production starring stunner **Nicki Dri**.

One superstar I was delighted to see picking up awards after award was Monica, the bubbly brunette best known for her supplies of steel and performances which include a particular penchant for bondage, double penetrations and lead between anal. Glad in a rubber dress, elegant bodice and wearing a huge sexy grin on her lips.

Bonita was definitely one of the stars of the show, picking up three separate awards for her fiery sexual performances and directing abilities for 'Best All-Girl Scene On Film' and 'On Video', and for 'Most Outrageous Sex Scene'.

Bonita has certainly come a long way since she started out in video porn in May 1985, when she did her first movie **Teacher's Pet** directed by Bruce Seven. Bonita is a natural, one of those performers who doesn't mess around and flip eyelashes

and bundles of fluffy blonde hair to elevate her to the top of her profession. Bonita is a sexstar because she does sex, there's no doubt about it!

These days Bonita performs and directs alongside Brian, now her husband. Their latest venture, the **Taker** **It Is the Link** series is reputed to be as horny as ever. I congratulated Bonita and asked her about her favourite fuck on film. "10 years in the business and I've certainly worked with some performers who were the chemistry to fabulous. I like working with T.T. Boy. I like him because he's energetic and pretty nasty. If I tell him to sleep my arms, he will. Some guys don't like a performer like me because I come on pretty strong!"

I know Bonita loves women, so smuggling up to her, I asked her about her favourite toy females.

"My favourites are Danyel Charika, Sarah Jane and of course Dely (Dyson). Me and

Dele are always working together

A Lifetime Achievement Award for Buttman supreme John Stagliano

between them John ended up collecting a special lifetime achievement award and a trophy for the 'Best Anal Sex Scene' in the movie **Bud Over Brazilian Babes** a scene which, according to John, had his anal spe in it whatsoever!

But John Stagliano wasn't the only John on the table collecting trophies. Garporn star John Leslie now has the reputation of being one of the classiest directors in the business. For his latest shot-on-film epic, **The Dogwalker**, he picked

Our own Sarah Jane, a reporter to rival Nicl Norman

these days. It's like, once the word got around that Bianca and Debi are hot stuff, everyone wanted us. I'd get all these calls. Bianca, I want to have you. And call Debi, I want her, too! That's the incredible thing! I got paid to work with Debi and that was easy. Because when you're turned on, that's the best, and that's when I can't believe I'm being paid for it!"

On screen, Debi (diamond) and Bianca certainly seem to have that carnal chemistry. Not surprisingly Debi was in there at the thick of it, sharing each of the three awards with her bosom buddy Bianca. Debi Diamond is one half of a big blonde and a nymphomaniac with out question. She stands around six foot two in her spike high heels and is half German and half Cherokee Indian. After almost a decade in the business, she has the reputation for being one of the hottest girls on the scene. She was nominated for nine different awards in various categories. If there's a sex movie with a wild and wanton gang bang scene, Debi is guaranteed to be in on it drinking some Red It's champagne!

The model talked about award winner of the night was John Wayne Bobbitt who became instantly famous in the summer of 1989, when his spouse sliced off his penis. Thanks to micro-surgery, John was reunited with his reward penis soon after. Now, with his penis in full working order, he's making a good thing as a porno star and male stripper. Bobbitt was the brilliance of the marketing campaign effected in order to cash in on his notoriety, that the movie **John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut** (rated very loosely on the chopping incident), won awards for "Best Selling Tape", "Best Renting Tape" and quite predictably "Best Overall Marketing Campaign". Notion poster Ron Jeremy was up there in the bright lights with John Wayne Bobbitt, taking credit as the man who signed up the star.

There was a cock-up during the ceremony when Bianca, blonde quite, Kyle Irving should have been making her way up onto the podium to collect her trophy for "Starlet of the Year" and was nowhere to be seen. When she finally made it onto the stage some time later, her acceptance speech was far more natural than John Wayne Bobbitt's. "It's out this short," she said. "I must be the biggest schmuck over. My big moment



Linea with Amy for Jamie Danyel Cheeks

comes and I have to go and take a pee!"

Although the awards ceremony had its fair share of Eurocentric, the Americans scooped all the accolades except for three. A Marc Dorcel production, **Witchblade's Perfume**, picked up an award for Best European Release, and Private picked up awards for Best Foreign Release for **Virgin Treasures**, which was directed and

shot by two girls, and Best Continuing Video Series for their video magazine. The British gave it their best shot and there were nominees in several categories. One such nominee is a quarter to rival naughty Mel Norman, Sarah Jane, a Londoner who in it a couple of years ago to go and squirt in the US. Sarah was up on the podium presenting an award, but unfortunately the starring redhead didn't make it back to collect one, although she was nominated for Best Couples. Some and the leggy, "Female Performer of the Year" which went to the Oriental jester Asia Carrera. Quite a few British babes have now relocated to the States to work in the wonderful world of porno. I talked to a horny handful, and I'll be bringing you a special report on some of these lewd lovelies soon. The giddy ceremony was brought to a dramatic conclusion when Randy West and Ophelia Lauren took to the stage and belted out a raucous rendition of a specially composed song, suitably entitled "Nasty". The two experienced sex performers can sing almost as well as they can fuck, and had everybody up and dancing. All the scantily-clothed starlets kept on stage, grooved around like crazy, and became even more scantily-clothed. It was a papenew dream. Well, you'd expect a ceremony like this to go out with a bang, and this one certainly did! The show might have been over, but the private parties went on into the small hours, and I was once again in the thick of it. Well, all that work and no play would make me dull, and you wouldn't want that now would you?



A bevy of posing starlets Gets it out!

Get up you lazy cow!!

"AHHHH!!!"



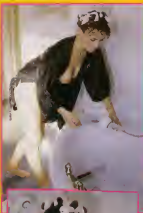
Julie

Photographed by Peter Minelli



You're probably sick and tired of seeing *Jeannette* girls in studies, so we thought we'd give you something a bit different. And this month, we asked John Mazon to look around Julie's house and *monolog* when she got up and got ready to go shopping. So he followed her from the moment she stumbled out of bed to when she got in the shower to shave her pubes! Topless or what, and his lens didn't warm up even once! It's a bit worried about the way she called her sticky laundry list for a bra, huh...









RAVERS Julie

"EEEEEE!!!
AAAAHH!!!
OOOOHH!!!"





The evening both had the feeling was this was to release all our stress. Paula suggested that I may like to help, because a name required a penultimate idea, and she knew I would enjoy making. Tom and Paula purchased their line so Keith took me to one side. He explained that his actors were all in their 30s and were destined to have a beautiful young number. He raved about Paula's lovely figure and told me he wanted to make more of her part by persuading her to wear a stringy outfit for the filming scene. I told him I would be delighted, if he could persuade her but frankly I doubted he could.

I prepared some drinks, and

Keith opened his case and showed me the outfit he wanted Paula to wear. It was very short and almost completely see-through. It was a strapless corset that she should try it on now, to get her used to wearing it to those of other people. She was a bit embarrassed at first, but Keith was very persuasive and, after a few sips of wine, she shyly took the stringy garment into

the bedroom to try it on.

My soul was throbbing with excitement as I wondered if the really sexy was it in front of them. I saw Keith and Tom also exchange a quick glance of silent panic, and I quickly topped up the wine glasses as Paula returned. She smiled sweetly at me but her lips heavily were almost visible through the thin material, and her tiny position showed most of her cleavage. I was shaking with excitement as I looked at Keith and Tom pointing her lovely figure as they made her parade up and down the room.

After a few more glasses of wine Paula was becoming more

relaxed and when I went into the kitchen for another bottle, she followed me. She gave me a very passionate kiss and whispered that she was beginning to feel quite very being dressed like that in front of Keith and

Tom, as I told her I was very proud of her.

"I can see that," she giggled, and gave my erection a quick stroke before pressing back into the lounge. Tom and Paula sat close together on the couch as Keith directed the filming scene. Tom seemed very nervous, and Keith tried to encourage him not to be so timid. "Watch my cock, it's mine." "Perhaps we should

leave them alone to practice," I joked. "or I could show him how to do it?"

Keith smiled, as I sat next to Paula and began giggling with her as the other two watched.



were to stop that as he began, gently leading her. Keith smiled at me as we sat watching every move they made. Tom was really getting into the part now, his tongue was deep inside Paula's



Paula leaned me by mounting her tongue into my mouth, as I cupped my hand over one of her breasts and squeezed it lovingly. I was so excited because she did nothing to stop me, and when we eventually came up for air, my hand was still stroking her breast.

"Wonderful" Keith exclaimed, "Now you try again Tom."

Tom took Paula in the arms again, and this time they began kissing just as passionately as we had been, and I watched with amazement as he showed her how to use her body and over her breast. She made me

gently mouth and his hand was trailing over her breasts and into his and feeling her tender nipples.

Keith's eyes were nearly popped out of their sockets as he stared at my wife sitting there as they engaged passionately only inches from us. He must have been worried about my reaction and he wouldn't come out even about it being so important, ridiculous scenes for them, but I was so turned on that I felt I better to stop.

Paula gave a very little when we got to Tom. She

contributed
my photo
4.4

The TOE JOB!!



F

eat. You either love 'em or hate 'em. I won't pretend that they give me a boost the size of Blackpool Tower, but I know some of you let me rather look at tiny toes than massive melons any day of the week!

If you love feet, you'd love this section. We're taking requests, too. If you want to see a model and her feet doing something special, let us know about it and we'll take the pics. Write to: J. Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Jenny



When we saw this ad, someone said that Jenny looked a lot like 'Honey' from *Can-Can*. I don't realize Honey wears bikinis as sexy as Jenny's, although if she wants to send her picture in, I'll be only too happy to print them! And another thing, too, I don't think that Playboy has a honey hole as good as Jenny's. Just look at the way she's posing it at you when she looks over! Now I wouldn't mind giving her a taste of my Queen Vic...

Photographed by Paul Marshall



RIVERS *Jeanny*



Leg-Ends

Look at those leggy lovelies. Doesn't it make your old chap cry out in excitement to see such sexy pins? Every one of these gorgeous Ravers is a leg-end in her own home, and this is your chance to get your wife's pins on the page. So get your box brownie out, get the missus into her best tights or stockings and send your pin pics to: **Leg-Ends, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.**

